

Bad Ass to the Past

by Passion-Chan

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Summary: Amani Clare, a bad ass sent to the past. Havoc and Smart-assery are her two best friends. Watch as Amani and the Shinsengumi get into some very embarrassing predicaments! Rated M for Amani's potty mouth. (Tell me if you want romance!)

## 1. Potty Mouths and Queers

Hey you guys! This is my very first story! After reading tons, I decided to make my own, enjoy! Oh and I do not own Hakuoki, only Amani! This first chapter will be in first person.

\* \* \*

><p>"Andddd, done!"<p>

Yes! I was finally finished this god forsaken drawing my professor assigned me! At the moment, we were studying old Japanese art and history.

Not something I was really into, but hey, I was finally in Japan!

And then you ask, "What do I mean by 'finally in Japan'?"

Well Billy Bob Jr., let me explain.

I'm Amani Clare. African American, the ripe age of nineteen, a foreign exchange student, and insane. Lovely ain't it? Of course it is. Well yes, I'm currently in Japan, and in my second year of college (Hell fucking yeah.) I came to this beautiful country to prefect art, something I oh so love. My family hadn't supported my dream, as they wanted me to be a doctor. Retarded right? Not that being a doctor is retarded, I just want to spend my life doing something that I want to do, doing something that I won't regret, you know?

But apparently, my family hadn't realized that, so here I am! In sweet 'Ol Japan!

I scowled at this sketchpad in my hands. I wanted to bombard the piece of shit across the room, but sadly, I could not. My class and I were visiting the Shinsengumi Museum.

And let me tell you that I was bored as hell.

I ran a hand through my thick wavy hair that ran down to my middle back (Yay! I had some good ass hair!), but then I stopped short because my hand got stuck. I yanked my hand out of the jungle of waves and listened to the lecture our tour guide was giving us.

"This very here sword is the sword of Hijikata Toshizo, co-leader of the Shinsengumi. The Shinsengumi were a special police force."

Boring.

But then I heard that voice that sent a chill down my spine.

"Touch it."

The fuck was that?

I frowned and whispered to the person next to me.

"Did you hear that?" I whispered.

"Did I hear what?" They answered back, confused.

Apparently, everyone was freaking retarded. Why had no one heard that? Am I going insane? Asylum here I come.

But then again, it was probably just 'Ol silly me, imagining things again...right?

"Touch it."

There was that creepy ass voice again, but not only that voice, there was also this pulsing too!

I turned to where the voice was, the sword! That was where it was coming from! What the actual fuc-

"Touch it."

The hell? The voice was more forceful, urging me to go towards it.

Hell no, back away. The tour guide told us we were not to touch anything under ANY circumstances.

Oh God, there it was \_again.\_

"Touch it."

The voice said angrily.

Well, fuck you too.

My eyes widened as the pulsing became stronger, it hurt. A lot.

I gritted my teeth and looked around me. I gasped.

Everyone had left me! How could they? Now I was lost, without a guide, and without a partner.

And that voice had once again made it's self known. I suddenly had a extremely strong urge to go and touch it. I couldn't resist it any longer. Walking over to the swords, I extended my hand out slowly and grabbed it. A bright light engulfed the room, blinding my eyes, and my world went black.

Yay for me.

I had been awoken from my sweet slumber, and I was pissed. Who ever woke me up would have hell to pay. I felt that I was tied up. I was about to groan but then I heard voices.

"I've never seen someone with her skin color before, it's exotic."

"Exotic she is, Harada-kun. Even her features are different. How about we examine her... assets~."

"Okita-kun! You pervert!"

"I was only joking Heisuke!"

"You liar!"

"Try not to be so loud Heisuke, you might wake her up."

"Eh, sorry Saito-kun."

"Her attire is quite strange also, I wonder where she is from."

"I-I also wonder too, Sannan-san."

Good Lord, these people were weird.

I could speak Japanese a little bit, enough to ask for directions and such. But what I said next shocked me.

"I don't know about you guys, but bondage doesn't exactly turn me on. So, if you would, untie me." I spoke in fluent Japanese and sat up. What I saw almost made me want to pretend I was still asleep.

Well shit, I wouldn't mind the bondage now.

I was surrounded but some very attractive males, there was also a meek looking female.

I frowned. They were all staring at me as if I were unhuman. So much for freaking manners.

"Did I grow fucking two heads? Stop staring at me, queers."

Ah yes, that should do it.

Hostility always works, right?

\* \* \*

><p>Please tell me what you think about this chapter! Constructive criticism accepted!<p>

## 2. You're From The Future!

Amani's POV

"Who are you calling queer? You're the one with the brown skin!" A man with green beads on his necklace shouted.

Oh hell no.

I glared at the man who dare speak about skin color. I was pissed off. How the hell could he say something like that? Bitch apparently didn't know that skin color was no longer an issue. I cleared my throat, preparing to give this queer a piece of mind.

"Excuse me honey, but segregation is over, so shut the fuck up. You act like you've never seen a black person before, Good Lord. And if anyone is weird, it's you and your little friends. Seriously, what is up with the kimonos and katanas? Trying to be big kids now? I suggest using Pull-Ups instead. Or are you just cosplaying? Whatever you're doing is horrible, so stop. "

Aw yeah, I had that douche bag now. Serves him right for being a judgemental hypocrite.

(A/N: Which is ironic because Amani is being a hypocrite. Oh the joys of the world.)

I tried to balance myself as much as I could and rose myself up on my feet.

"And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll start walking my merry ass away from here. See ya, queers." I said walking towards the sliding door. The man with red hair had stood up with an angry expression on his face. A man with black hair stopped him, and the next thing I saw was a blur, and the sound of a sword being drawn.

Well shit.

Apparently, hostility doesn't always work because I now had a sword pointed in my face. It was so close, that I could stick my tongue out and lick it, but I wouldn't. I didn't want to risk getting some weird ass sword fetish. I felt a warm liquid running down my cheek, the bastard had nicked me!

"Sit, woman." Gorgeous eyes told me. His face was hard and stern, hell I was kinda even scared of him, but no way was I going to back down.

"Maybe if you get that shit outta my face, I'll behave more."

The man gave me an intense look, and slowly put his sword back in it's sheath. I had such a shit-filled smile on my face as I went to go and sit down.

I made eye contact with the woman in male clothes, she had apparently been staring at the blood on my cheek.

"Hijikata-kun, you cut her..." The meek woman spoke.

No fucking shit.

She got up and came towards me with some bandages. I automatically knew what she was trying to do.

"Uh, no thanks, I'll tend to myself. Thanks anyway." I said quickly. I didn't want anyone finding out about my quick recovery, even if it wasn't a big deal.

So the bastard's name was Hijikata, hmm? I'll be sure to make his life hell.

\* \* \*

><p>Normal POV<p>

The Shinsengumi were shocked. Just who was this outspoken woman? Did she not know who they were?

Kondo cleared his throat and spoke, aggravated while doing so. "I apologize for the cut Hijikata has given you, he was only provoked to do so from your actions."

Amani rose a brow in amusment. "Through my actions you say? It doesn't seem pretty manly to raise a weapon against a lady who was only defending herself."

Hijikata gritted his teeth but remained silent.

"Ahem, so it seems as if you all are confused. I'll gladly answer some questions if someone would kindly cut these ropes." Amani said, gesturing to her bounded hands. Harada went behind her and untied the ropes. She immediately began to rub her red wrists. "Now, any questions?"

"What's segregation, and a black person?"

Amani looked over to the person who asked the question. It was the same guy with the green necklace she told off earlier. He clearly had to be joking, but then he looked so confused. The wavy-haired woman frowned and explained.

"Seriously, you don't know what Segregation nor what a black person is? Holy Hell, where the fuck have you been living? Up someone ass? But anyways, Segregation was some stupid shit that happened in the 1900's, where people didn't like my people because of our skin color. Ignorant right? Well that was the world for you back then, good thing it all changed. Oh and an black person is of African descent, meaning we all have brown skin." she said in one whole breath.

There was a moment of silence before Heisuke spoke.

"Eh! But you're not even the color black!" Heisuke exclaimed.

"Yeah, you're brown! How come you're called black?" Shinpachi asked.

"I actually don't know, I guess because my people can actually be- Hey! Fuck off!" Amani yelled as she smacked Okita's hand away that had poked her bosom.

"Learn some God damned manners, prick."

"Don't worry, I was only checking for weapons. It looks mighty stuffed in there."

"Why would I hide a weapon there of all places? And maybe it's stuffed because I am a female with breasts? You cunt muffin."

"You'd actually be suprised, wait, what's a cuntmuffin?"

"Go choke on a brick and die."

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's POV<p>

I sighed, and rubbed my temple. I swear, this man was fucking horrible.

"And what's this Segregation you speak of?" A man with glasses asked.

This guy was fucking stupid too.

"\_Hello,\_ the 1900s. Surely you have heard something about that in America?" I saw the man with those amethyst eyes face shrivel up when I said American. I gave him a look that said 'Fuck you'.

"What are you talking about? It is 1865."

A look of sheer mind-fuckery was clearly shown on my face. 1865? What the hell?! That was impossible, it was 2013! How was it 1865, when a few minutes ago, it was 2013. Should might as well ask these people about an asylum right now.

"What do you mean 1865? It's 2013!" I cried.

"Impossible." The man with those gorgeous eyes answered.

"Not really." I stared at the man, and he stared back. Apparently we had gotten into a staring contest, and I had been winning so far, but then I saw \_IT.\_ I gasped.

"That sword!"

"Hmm?" Hijikata asked in confusion.

"I touched that motherfucking sword, and then there was this voice peer pressuring me to touch it. Oh! there was also this weird

pulsing." I said, solving his confusion.

I was met with silence.

"...No one here believes me, right?" I said quietly. Everyone shook their head. I don't know why they didn't believe me. I mean come on, I was practically taller than everyone in the whole God damned room. I was already 5'9 without my wedges, and I currently had them on. And my clothes, Good Lord. They were such an obvious sign. No woman back then wore shiny spandex jeans, leather jackets, and hoop earrings. Why were these people so fucking stupid?

"Oh!" I exclaimed as I opened my side purse. I pulled out my Samsung Galaxy and held it up, grinning. They should ALL believe me now.

"Oh my...what is that?" The guy with glasses asked in astonishment.

"It is some secret weapon you Americans use?" Asked gorgeous eyes.

"No you ass. It's a phone. Something you use to call someone far away. It also stores pictures, music, and all sorts of shit on it." I turned it on and literally hugged the thing. Being around queers had almost made me forget about my baby! My eyes met with a picture of me posing in a bikini. Look how sexy! This picture was a reminder to never get thinner or fatter.

I was about to unlock my phone when someone came behind me and snatched it right out of my hands. I turned around and saw that it was that pervert from earlier. I almost gagged out of disgust as I saw his facial expression change from a grin, to pure shock. He was obviously staring at my picture.

I snatched it out of his hands and gave him a 'The fuck' look.

"Wha-wha-what type of clothing is that!?" He sputtered.

"Clothing you wear to go swimming."

"Why is it so...revealing?"

"Go ask America."

More silence.

Akward silence.

I had no idea what to do now. Oh! I'll ask them if they would let me stay here. Hopefully they would, because I'd rather not sleep outside.

"So, seeing as I'm from the future and I have nowhere to go, mind if I crash here for the time being?"

"Crash? As in destroy?" The kid with the long-ass ponytail asked.

"No, it's something some of us say in the future. It means to

stay."

There was more awkward silence, and it was killing me. Had no one heard what I said? Apparently-

"You may stay."

I looked up and saw it was that man with the spikey hair.

There were several gasps, and of course, Kijihata or Hijikata, whatever the fuck his name is got his panties in a bundle.

\* \* \*

><p>Normal POV<p>

"But Kondo-san! We do not know anything about her! She may be lying to us. How could you let her-"

"Hijikata-san!" Kondo's voice boomed. "I understand that you are wary of her because she is a stranger, but Chizuru was also one at a time. And this woman may also be help of some to us in the future." He turned to Amani and spoke in a stern voice. "You may stay here, but you will have to do housework. Understood?"

Amani's face twisted up at the thought of cleaning up for lazy ass people, but she had no other choice. She sighed and nodded in agreement.

"So, since I'll be staying here, I might as well introduce myself. First name Amani, last name Clare. Glad to join the group." She said with her voice full of sarcasm.

\* \* \*

><p>I don't know why, but I don't like this chapter. Their reactions aren't the best, and I feel like I just went on and on...<p>

But anyways, on to the reviews!

Chii: Haha, thanks! :D And that creepy voice, I don't who it is, we'll just have to wait and see. ;) I don't know if I should pair Amani up with someone. I know people don't like OC's with Canon's because I usually don't. Who would you want Amani paired up with? I'd like Okita or Kazama, those two my are favorite! 3

Turtle: Thanks! Yeah, it's rare to see an African American OC, so I said "Hey, why not?" and this is the outcome. ^^

MM: Thank you! Amani is the 'I don't give a damn' type. She's very stubborn and outspoken, much like Mugen from Samurai Champloo (I suggest you watch this show, it's very good!), except that she a whole lot kinder than him, secretly. The Shinsengumi will have trouble trying to break her shell! :D

### 3. Erotic Dances and PE

Gah! Sorry I haven't updated in a while you guys! I was busy studying for exams all last week, which I passed! And I'm moving to the next



grade! Yay! :D

And luckily, it's summer vacation and I'll get to update more without any reasons not to.

Thank you all who reviewed and put this story on your favorites!

Happy reading! :D

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's POV<p>

Wow.

I actually had a good night's sleep, considering that this bed is awfully thin, but I was feeling hella good. I didn't feel like getting up just yet though. With my eyes still closed, I felt around for my laptop that I normally kept on my nightstand. Instead I felt no laptop.

Nor the stand.

My eyes shot open and I met with the old fashioned Japanese ceiling.

Well shit.

I really did go back in time.

I groaned and sat up. My eyes lingered on a piece of paper and the most ugliest thing I've ever seen. It was a bright red kimono (Which was alright with me), but it was for a man. They can't expect me to wear that trash! I'm not a fucking tranny! Crawling over to the paper, I picked it up and read it.

'Yes I expect you to wear it.'

...

'Now on to your chores. You will have to do the things that Chizuru normally did, and he is going to do things he normally does not.'

It amused me to no end on how they kept on calling Chizuru a boy. 'He' was obviously a 'she'. I mean come on, her voice and girlish features were a dead give away. And they were pretty small, but she even had boobs! Ignorant asses. Shaking my head, I continued to read.

"You will have to clean the floors, do the laundry,"

Ha. Easy. All I have to do is pop those bitches in the washing mach-

God dammit.

"sweep, and serve tea. I suggest that you get started, tea cannot make itself."

\_ - Hijikata" \_

I yawned and stretched. Yeah I'll get started on the work alright, right after I fix up this ugly piece of shit. I mean look at it, it was ugly, really, REALLY ugly.

Nibbling on my bottom lip, I thought of something I could do to the kimono. I could leave it long and rip off the sleeves? Nah. Or maybe I could rip the bottom part and leave the sleeves. Eh.

Oh oh! I'm gonna rip the sleeves and bottom part so that it looks like a cheongsam! Uber sexy as hell. Plus, I could also vent out my frustrations of these current events, yay!

I grabbed the damned thing and ripped it for all I was worth, and it actually came out pretty fucking nice! I stripped my clothes and slid into the make-shift cheongsam. I looked down to examine myself but was met with cleavage, a good sign. My eyes settled on a pair of geta that was sitting by a mirror.

There is no way in hell that I was going to walk in those, they were complicated as fuck.

So I ended up wearing my red wedges. Yippie for me! But then there was another problem.

I had none of my necessities for any of my daily rituals.

My daily rituals being me brushing my teeth, washing my face, doing my hair, taking a bath, all of that shit.

"Oh wait!" I exclaimed. I rummaged inside of my purse and pulled out a pack of mint gum, my make up, and a brush. I almost forgot I kept those god-sent things in there. I quickly shoved a piece of gum in my mouth and began brushing my hair. Once I was done that, I applied my ruby red lipstick, my mascara, and red eyeshadow. Yep, getting all dolled up just to go and do work. Woohoo.

I walked over to the door and took a deep breath. There was going to be no cars, no buildings, no ANYTHING, and let me say that that sucked major balls.

I slid open the door and- Oh fuck! God damned bright light trying to blind me and shit. My retinas were burning like hell. The light faded and I uncovered my eyes. I gasped.

The scenery in front of me was beautiful! Sakura tree petals were scattered everywhere, the grass was a lush green, the sky was a vivid blue, it seemed as if all of this was right out of a storybook. And my God, the air, the air was clear and refreshing. It wasn't like this at all in modern day Japan, it wasn't like this ANYWHERE. I wish I could just sit here all day and stare at it all. But no, I had to do some boring ass work, for some boring ass people.

Groaning, I plugged in my earphones and started on my work.

\* \* \*

><p>NORMAL P.O.V<p>

"Understood?" Asked Kondo.

"Understood." Answered Hijikata.

Just as Hijikata was about to get up, the door slid open and Amani walked in with her hips swaying side to side, holding a tray of tea. Music had been blasting from her ears.

Hijikata's eyes widened. The woman had completely destroyed the kimono. It was much too short, the sleeves were gone, and she was showing cleavage! Did this woman not know of modesty? That much skin was only to be seen by her husband!

"Sup Shitsengumi!" said Amani and she handed Hijikata and Kondo their tea.

Blushing Hijikata looked away and yelled. "W-what did you do to the kimono!? You are dressed very unappropriately. And what is that noise coming from your ears? It's much too loud."

Amani smacked her teeth and spoke. "Calm the fuck down Chewbacca, no need to yell. And it's not like I'm naked, this is future clothing. And the 'noise' you hear coming from my ears is music darlin', you don't know shit about LoverBoy."

Turning up the volume of the music, she yanked her headphones out of the phone. Hijikata's first instinct was to wince but then he stopped when he saw what Amani was doing.

\_"Touch that dial, turn me on!"\_

Amani stared into Hijikata's eyes with a suggestive look on her face.

\_"Start me like a motor, make me run!"\_

She began towards him slowly, a beckoning motion graced upon her hips.

"Clare-san, what are you doing?!" Hijikata said as he started to back away.

\_"Lovin' every minute of it!"\_

The woman licked her lips and dragged her hands down her body.

\_"Lovin' every minute of it!"\_

Amani was now chest to chest with Hijikata. And at this point, Hijikata was red as fuck.

\_"Turn that dial, all the way!"\_

She placed a hand on his chest.

\_"Shoot me like a rocket, into space!"\_

Her hand ran down slowly.

Down,

Down,

Down-

Until she roughly pushed him back and fell on her ass laughing.

"Hahaha, oh my God! Hahahahaha! Ha, ha ha, I can't breatheeee, I can't breatheeee!" Amani laughed obnoxiously as she rolled around on the floor.

Hijikata was speechless. He was shocked, and angry. How could her let her embarrass him like that. Looking over to Kondo, he saw that he was turned the other way with a hand over his mouth.

That was it.

Hijikata stormed out of that room and left Amani and Kondo to die of laughter.

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's POV<p>

Oh my God, that was so hilarious. I can't believe I did that! His reaction was priceless.

But the bitch has no sense of humor because he walked right out of the room.

"Clare-san."

At my last name being called, I sat up from my laying position. It was that Kondo guy.

"Clare-san, that was very amusing. If that is a joke from your time, Hijikata-san isn't too fond of jokes."

Obviously.

"Now on to what I wanted to talk to you about. You know that we are the Shinsengumi, and that we fight yes?"

"Yeppers." I replied, bored.

"Well, since you will be staying with us, you are going to have to learn how to defend yourself, or, do you already know how to?"

"You bet your short ass I know how to fight."

"With a katana?" Kondo rose a brow.

"Nope."

"Then you will have to learn."

"Whyyyy? I just said I know how to fight!"

"Just what type of fighting are you talking about?"

"Hand-to-hand baby. Taekwondo all the way."

"That is not enough. This is the Edo period, we fight with swords."

"Yes it is! I was the top of my class!" I countered.

Kondo sighed in aggravation. Well fuck, I wanted to sigh too. This guy was stubborn! (A/N: HYPOCRITE.)

"Can you fight with a weapon?"

"I don't know if you knew this shit or not, but Taekwondo doesn't exactly involve weapons. It's all about the fancy footwork, brah." I said doing a little dance.

Kondo coughed at her rudeness.

"Oh, I also know tessenjutsu. Shit's cool."

"The art of the war fan? Only skilled users can block a katana, can you?"

"Not sure." I replied.

I actually didn't know, could I? Through all of my years of training, I've only fought with other tessenjutsu users.

"Well then," he started. "I'll just have to see."

Kondo stood up and walked to the door. He turned back and gave me a good-willed smile.

"I will go to the market and buy a pair of war fans, and when I get back, you will fight up against Saito."

"The fuck is that?"

"Excuse me?"

"Who is that?"

"You'll see when I get back."

And with that, he left.

I rolled over onto my stomach, plugged in my earphones, and rolled my eyes.

Fuckin' queers.

\* \* \*

><p>Normal POV<p>

Hijikata slid the door open to Kondo's room and frowned.

There Amani was, dancing around the room in all her glory. Hip thrusting over there, and dipping over here.

"I was made for lovin' you baby! You were made for lovin' me!" she sang.

"Clare-san." Hijikata called out.

"And I can't get enough of you baby, can you get enough of me!"

"Clare-san." He tried again.

"I was made for lovin' you ba-"

"Clare-san!" Hijikata yelled.

Amani took out her earphones and frowned. "Damn Chewbacca, why do you have to scream?"

"Kondo-san is waiting for you. Follow me." He said walking out of the room.

"Wait, faggot!" Amani said as she slipped on her wedges.

\* \* \*

><p>"What the fuck is this? Some kind of animal exhibit? I'm the animal, and all of them the humans?" Amani said raising a brow.<p>

Heisuke, Harada, Shinpachi, Okita, Saito, Kondo, Chizuru, and Keisuke (Sannan) were sitting and waiting.

"No," Started Kondo. "They all just wanted to see what you could do. Most women in this era do not and cannot fight."

"Coolio. So who do I fight? I hope it's not that kid." Amani said pointing a thumb to Heisuke.

'Eh! I'm not a kid!" He cried.

"Yeah you are!" Shinpachi said as he put Heisuke in a headlock.

"L-let me go!"

"Stop it you two!" Kondo said as he walked up to Amani and held out the weapons. "Here are your fans."

Said woman took them from his hands and snapped them open with a flick of her wrists.

The fans were red. There was a golden dragon on the front of them and they had sharp pointed edges.

"Awww shit!" she gushed. "Haven't held these in a minute!" The woman banged the fans against each other and sweet cling of iron reached her ears. "And they're iron too!"

"But you weren't holding them before." Shinpachi said, confused.

"It's a saying, meaning I haven't held them in a while."

"Oh."

Closing one of the fans, she reached into her cleavage and pulled out her phone. "Hold this would ya?" She turned back and tossed it to Hijikata who caught it and blushed. She winked at him and he turned away. Okita wiggled his eyebrows at Hijikata.

"So, who's the lucky shit I'm up against?" Amani asked as she turned back.

As if on cue, Saito stood up from his spot and drew his sword. He flipped it to the dull side.

"Hey! Why'd you do that?" The wavy-haired woman huffed.

"I don't want to hurt you." Was all Saito said.

"Hurt me my ass, I'm not delicate at all. Turn it back pretty boy."

He didn't move a muscle.

"Don't be so confident Clare-san. Saito is an excellent warrior." Laughed Okita.

"Fuck you too." She replied.

Amani sighed. She kicked off her wedges and got into a typical taekwondo stance, both of her legs spread apart and her hands brought up to her face.

She rushed forward leaving a trail of dust behind her and tried to deliver a side thrusting kick. But before it made impact on Saito's abdomen, he was gone.

"The fu-" Amani started before she heard the flapping of clothes behind her. She turned herself sharply and blocked the sword with a metal fan, performing a roundhouse kick to Saito's shins. She shivered as the aftermath of the collision crept up her arm.

Saito fell back and did a backflip. He thrust his sword multiple times at Amani quickly.

"Shit..." She muttered as she struggled to dodge the thrusts.

Amani ran up to Saito, spinning clockwise to land a backfist punch to his jaw. He jumped and landed a few feet away. She rushed up to him a second time and began slashing the fans at him. He blocked each hit effortlessly and jumped away.

She panted hard. Amani was mad as hell. She knew he could easily have been hit her, but he didn't, and that made her furious. The woman gritted her teeth and closed her fans. She stood up straight and inhaled and exhaled several times in a row. Her breathing would need

to be controlled for what she was about to do next.

Saito rose a brow.

"Why did she stop?" asked Harada.

"I do not know. We'll just have to see." Sannan said with amusement.

Amani got into the crouching position of a track runner. "One...two...three!" She muttered as she lunged forward. The woman got closer to Saito and began doing Tornado kicks. They were done extremely fast, making her bottom half look like a blur. Her feet kept on hitting the cold metal of Saito's sword, almost knocking it out of his hands. The force of her kicks pushed him back a few feet.

Cold blue met with deep browns.

After a few seconds of staring, Saito slid his katana back into its sheath.

"You fight well enough to defend yourself." Saito declared.

"Oh no. Take that shit back out right now pretty boy, this ain't over." Amani said as she glared.

Everything was silent. Only the chirping of birds was heard.

"Clare-san, you were awesome!" Heisuke exclaimed in awe.

"I'm surprised you lasted that long, although Saito could have killed you in a second." Okita said nodding his head. "Use those moves on me sometime Clare-san~."

"The hell? How come you all know my name but I don't know any of yours?" Amani asked as she flicked open a fan and fanned herself.

"My apologies. I am Keisuke, but everyone calls me Sannan." Said man spoke.

"I'm Heisuke!" Heisuke said giving a thumbs up.

"I'm Shinpachi." He said flexing his arm.

"Harada." the red-head said winking.

"Hello, I'm Chizuru." the girl said smiling.

"And I'm Okita, but you can call me anything you want~."

"How about P.E?" Asked Amani.

"What does that stand for?" He asked.

"Premature Ejaculation."

\* \* \*



><p>-END-OF-CHAPTER-<p>

Eh, this chapter was supposed to be longer, but then I realized I put the date as 1865 instead of 1864. And 1864 is when the Ikedaya incident happened, which I was in the middle of writing.

The song during Amani's little show for Hijikata was 'Lovin' Every Minute of It' by LoverBoy, the other one was 'I Was Made For Lovin' You Baby' by KISS. I'm currently obsessed with those songs. I recommend you all listen to them! :D (If you like Classic Rock)

So, should I write the Ikedaya incident or just continue from here? Please tell me!

Oh, I will be also making a poll to see who you all would like paired with Amani, or who Amani will have a liking to.

Kazama will be in the next chapter regardless if you choose the Ikedaya incident or not! \*Squeals\*

Now onto reviews! (Well, review!)

Chii: Yeah! I understand how you feel! I don't like Chizuru paired up with everyone, Hijikata seems like the only one for her. Even if he was emotionally abusive and I didn't like him that much. He was always such a hardass, which is why I made him the victim of Amani's bullying! :D

And don't worry, Amani won't ever develop feelings for Hijikata, they will just be frenemies!

'TIL THE NEXT CHAPTER MY FRIENDS! :D

#### 4. The Ikedaya Incident, Oh no!

Hey you guys! I decided to just write both the Ikedaya incident, as well another chapter (Which will be coming in a few days)

Thanks to everyone who are following and favoriting this story. And another thing, I've seen that this story has had more than 200 views, which made me giggle like a retard. But only 8 reviews. I'm not trying to be selfish but,

y u no review? gooby pls

I really want to know what you all think! Even if you're lazy like me and don't want to log in, write a anon one, pwease? :D?

And even if you think this story sucks, tell me, because I will be determined to make and write it better.

Enough of my crying. Readdddddd.

Oh and this chapter would take place after the last chapter if it were apart of the story.

\* \* \*

><p>"It is settled. Gather twenty-four men and head out to Shikokuya tonight." Said Kondo. "The rest of us will be heading to Ikedaya."<p>

"But you will only be taking ten men."Hijikata frowned.

"Yes, but I'll get Okita, Shinpachi, and Heisuke." Kondo said grining.

"Very well."

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's POV<p>

By now, it was night time, and some of the Shitsengumi had set out for some mission crap.

Sannan and Chizuru were the only ones left...

And it was too quiet.

I got up from the floor and walked over to the door. I slid it open and instantly shivered. It was cool outside, and it was as pretty as it was in the daytime.

Then I heard voices talking. I reconized one voice as Chizuru and the other as Sannan, but there was a new voice, a males voice, and boy did it sound serious as fuck.

And so, being the curious motherfucker I am, decided to go and see what was up.

I crept down the house trying to find the voices. I felt like such a badass sneaking around and stuff.

I stopped as I saw that one of the doors were slid open, so I'm assuming that is where they were. I carefully got closer and listened.

"Chizuru-san,"

"Yes?"

"I want you to go with Yamazaki-kun." Sannan said.

"You want me to go?" Chizuru asked dumb-founded.

"All due's respect, but I am capable of delivering the message on my on."

That must be Mr. Serious As Fuck.

"But who knows what could happen? There is a higher chance that the message will go through if you both go."

"I understand."

"Chizuru-san, you'll go won't you?"

"I will!"

"And Clare-san,"

Oh shit.

I turned and starting walking away slowly.

"There is no point in running away, I already know you're there."

I sighed.

Fucking samurai and their spidey-senses.

I turned back around and walked into the room.

"Heyo." I said as I leaned on the door frame.

"Who is this?" Asked Mr. Serious As Fuck.

"It's a long story." Sannan coughed. "Anyways, Clare-san, I ask that you go along with them."

The hell.

"An extra person will make the message go across even quicker."

Wha-what? How? I-I-I can- I cannot. No, no, fuck you.

"Sorry buddy, but I don't even know what's going on." I said quickly making up a new sentence.

"They will tell you on the way. Now hurry." He said shooving me off.

"Wait, will I be fighting anyone?" I asked.

"Most likely."

Welp. That's a good enough excuse.

I kicked off my wedges and took my fans out of my cleavage.

Tonight, I'd be rolling barefooted.

\* \* \*

><p>"So what the fuck are we doing?" I asked panting, the three of us running.<p>

"We need to deliver a reinforcement message to Hijikata and the others." Mr. Serious As Fuck told me. "And I can't guarantee both of your safety."

"No problem darlin', I can take care of myself just fine."

I looked over to Chizuru. She didn't look like she could fight at all. Pretty dainty looking if you asked me, but she did have that short sword on her right.

"Chizuru, you know how to work that sword on your hip, right?" I asked.

"N-not very well."

God dammit. That means I'd not only have to save my own ass, but somebody else's.

"Don't worry Chizuru, if shit gets real, I'll be there to save you."

"Thank you, Clare-san."

"No prob. But call me Amani from now on, I don't like when people call me by my last name, although that's what everyone pretty much does around here."

I turned my attention back infront of me and saw some bald guys with swords approaching us.

We stopped and Mr. Serious As Fuck questioned them.

"Do you have business with the Shinsengumi headquarters?"

"Oh no, it's nothing."

Dumbasses.

The first rule to lying is to not look at your surroundings, it's such a dead give away.

"You four are obviously full of shit." I said as I yawned. "I bet even Chizuru here could come up with a better lie. No offence to you Zuzu." I winked at her.

"What did you say woman?!"

"I know you heard me asshole."

"Listen to me you two," Whispered Mr. Serious As Fuck. "I want you to keep on running no matter what, got it?"

"Damn skippy." I replied

One of the assholes drew their swords and clashed with Mr. Serious As Fuck. The remaning three following suit.

Chizuru stood there like a retard. Didn't this girl think?

I grabbed Chizuru's hand and began running.

"The fuck were you waiting for?" I yelled at her.

"I-I'm sorry." She said casting her head down.

I immediately felt guilt in my gut for shouting at her, and I \_never\_, regret doing anything.

Oh my Lord, she looked like a kicked puppy.

"Chizuru," I sighed. "It's okay, it's just that you could have been sliced up, and you were just standing there like everything was all peaches and cream. "(A/N: Meaning like nothing was wrong.)

"But, nevermind that, where exactly are we going?"

"Oh, just follow me." The girl said, running in front of Amani.

\* \* \*

><p>NORMAL P.O.V<p>

"I have news!" Screamed Chizuru as she and Amani ran up to the group of men in blue.

"Y-Yukimura-kun?" Gen sputtered.

"What do you two think you are doing?!" Harada whispered loudly.

Chizuru was bent over, with her hands on her knees, trying to catch her breath. While Amani had simply collapsed on the ground, she on her back and facing the night sky.

After a few more intakes of air, Chizuru stood up. "They're meeting at Ikedaya!"

There were several gasps of shock.

Amani sat up and stretched. "And I think you guys should hurry the fuck up." She said, flicking open a fan and fanning herself with it.

Hijikata sighed. "Move out!" he ordered.

Amani almost threw up. The stench of blood was strong in the air, it was overwhelming her.

They were all at Ikedaya, and she had never seen so much blood and gore in her life, not even in movies. There was everything, pools of blood, bodies littered around, and guts.

"Kei-kun, surround the perimeter." Ordered Hijikata. Kei nodded.

Hijikata looked up at the building with a look of cold steel on his face. "Let's go."

Kei and a group of men ran towards the back.

Chizuru looked behind her and saw a group of people walking their way. "Hijikata-san..." She called out.

It was the Aizu Clan.

Hijikata gritted his teeth. "Now they show up."

"Saito," The man said as he turned around to face them. "You go help out inside. Your Lieutenant of the Shinsengumi has to deal a bunch of

useless cowards."

"I understand." Saito nodded. "We're heading in, move out!" He said as they ran in.

Now it was just Amani, Hijikata, and Chizuru.

"You did a good job relaying the message." He told Chizuru.

"No, I really didn't do anything." the girl said blushing.

"Um excuse me?" Amani said as she got up from her spot on the ground. "I deserve some recognition too buddy. I busted my ass out here."

Hijikata sighed and rubbed his temple. "You also did well Clare-san."

"Thank you." She said with a shit-filled smile on her face.

"We beat them here thanks to you two."

"Who?" Asked both Amani and Chizuru just as the group of Aizu walked up.

"You're a Shinsengumi? You've done well." Declared who seemed to be the leader of the men. "The Aizu Clan shall take over now."

"The Shinsengumi are in the middle of conducting an official investigation at Ikedaya. You may not interfere." Hijikata said firmly.

"What are you talking about?! We came to subdue the infidel rogue warriors inside Ikedaya!" The leader yelled.

"I would prefer if you restrained from entering Ikedaya."

"Afraid we'll get in the way?" a man called out.

"Motherfucker, do you not understand what he's trying to do?!" Yelled Amani, who was fed up with the stubbornness.

They were all flabbergasted by her sudden outburst.

"He's telling you guys that there is some serious shit going down in there, and that if you value your lives, get the fuck outta here!" She said standing face to face with the leader, daring him to make a move.

"If those government officers 'help', they'll take the credit for subjating those Choushuu scum." Chizuru looked behind her and saw Yamazaki.

"Yamazaki-kun?" She spoke.

"They'd probably hide the fact how the Shinsengumi got here first and put up a brave fight."

"No way." the girl said breathlessly.

"That's how little they respect us Shinsengumi." Yamazaki said stepping in front of her.

The sound of grunting filled her ears. Chizuru looked back and saw a Shinsengumi member holding an injured comrade up.

"Are you okay?" She cried running over to them. The girl crouched down to the man's level and pulled a handkerchief out of the sleeves of her kimono. She pressed the cloth to the wound on his arm and he held it there.

"I'm fine," Said the injured man. "but there are still more wounded inside."

After hearing that Chizuru, stood up and ran inside Ikedaya.

"Wait, Yukimura-kun!" Was all Amani heard as she turned back and saw Chizuru run inside.

The woman muttered a few curses under her breath and flicked open her war fans. Her eyes linked with Hijikata's for a moment, before he nodded in approval.

And with that, she ran inside.

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's P.O.V<p>

There stood Chizuru looking like a retard again as some guys clashed their swords together in front of her.

My God. There was so much blood everywhere that they could paint the whole damn building red in it.

Just as Chizuru tried to run, a body fell, dead in front of her. I let out a girlish shriek. Hell, I couldn't help not to. This was all horrible, how could anyone do this? It was all inhumane, all of it.

"Nagakura-san!" I heard Chizuru squeak.

I looked up and saw Mr. Burly frowning at us.

"What are you two doing here?" Shimpachi exclaimed.

Another body fell in front of Chizuru.

This time, it was Kondo in front of us.

"You two shouldn't be here!" He yelled.

"Nagakura-san, your hand!" Chizuru cried.

"It's just a scratch."

Just a scratch my ass.

The cut on his hand was seeping a shit-load of blood out of it, definitely not just a scratch.

He looked up to where stairs were located.

"But Okita's coughing up blood."

"Where is he?" Asked Kondo.

"On the second floor."

"I'll go!" Chizuru exclaimed as she ran towards and up the stairs.

"Don't worry I'll be with her!" I said following after her.

I was about to run up the stairs, but the Chizuru stopped.

I frowned. What was she-

I charged up those stairs as fast as I could and blocked the sword in time before it could hit Chizuru. I quickly closed my fans and delivered a palm heel\* to the base of his nose as hard as I could. The crunch of a bone breaking and a scream filled my ears. I remember my teacher telling me to only use this move for self-defense and not when sparring. The man's eyes rolled back into his head and he fell back.

Holy shit...

...I just...killed someone...

Oh my gosh...

I stared at the hand that delivered the blow. It was bloody.

I just...kill-

"Amani-chan!" I heard Chizuru scream.

Everything happened in slow motion. I turned behind me and saw a man bringing his sword down. I closed my eyes and waited for the impact.

I didn't feel anything, did this mean I was dead?

I opened one eye and saw Saito standing with the man who could have killed me on the stairs.

"It would ruin my sleep if you died here,"

Not exactly the best thing to say at the moment, but it should do.

I snapped out of my daze.

"Um...thanks." I said unsure.

"But it's not my job to protect the both of you, you will have to protect yourselves since you barged in here."

I frowned in aggrivation.



"No shit sherlock. Thanks for stating the obvious. Let's go Chizuru." I said grabbing her hand and marching up the stairs.

Once we were upstairs, there was a door. It was slid open a bit, but I really didn't give a fuck about being polite. I almost just died, so hey, what the fuck?

I let go of Chizuru's hand and kicked the flimsy door down.

I blinked.

There was Okita, and some other random guy who I could give two fucks about. Both of their eyes were on me.

"Look who joined the party you guys." I said stepping into the room.

I looked at Okita and winked at him.

He luckily understood what I meant and tried to thrust his sword at the guy, whom blocked it.

"Is that the best you've got?"

Oh my.

That voice was incredibly deep and sexy.

But then the moment was ruined when the guy pushed Okita back into the wall.

"Okita-san!" Chizuru cried as she ran to him. "You're bleeding..."

"Are you his friend?" Asked the guy. He had pointed his sword dead into her face.

"If you get in my way, I'll kill you."

Oh hell no.

That voice of his was sexy, but no one was going to hurt Chizuru while I was here.

"Hey faggot," I said as I flicked open my fans. "watch where you're pointing that shit, now move it out of her face."

"Clare-san st-"

"P.E, if you don't shut your injured ass up." I said glaring at him.

"Clare-san stop, it's my fi-" Okita started.

"P.E, did I not just tell you to shut the hell up? I dare you to say something again."

He sighed.

"What are you?"

The hell?

I looked away from Okita and rose a brow at the man who asked the question.

"What the f--"

Well fuck me in the keyhole.

\* \* \*

><p>SOMEWHERE IN ANOTHER WORLD<p>

"Donald, Goofy! We've found a keyhole to a new world!"

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's P.O.V<p>

Now that I finally got a good look at this guy, he was sexy as hell.

My God.

He had this blonde flowy hair, these deep red eyes, and that voice.

\_That\_ voice.

I'll just call him Sex On Legs.

And speaking of him, he spoke.

"I asked you a question."

"Yes faggot, and so did I. You didn't answer mine so why should I answer yours?" I said, trying to keep my ground strong.

"My my, how rude you are, and especially for a lady. You and those human scum should learn how to respect those of higher authority." Sex On Legs said with a chuckle.

I squealed inside.

"Higher authority?" I coughed. "I don't know if you knew this buddy, but everyone here is the same."

"That is where you are wrong, I'm not the same as you."

"Well that is pretty fucking obvious, considering that I'm probably the only brown person in this country at the moment." I yawned. "And I really don't care about your answer, so if you would, remove the sword from her face."

"And if I do not?" He asked me with a raised brow.

"Well Sugarplum, I can't spoil everything now can I? You'll have to watch and see for yourself."

Sex On Legs stood there smirking for a moment. He removed the sword from Chizuru's face.

"Good doing business w- shit!" I muttered as I barely moved away from his sword in time. There was a stinging on my arm and I knew he had cut me.

"Amani-chan!" I heard Chizuru call out.

The bastard was grinning or some shit as if he'd won.

Too bad the joke was on him.

I smiled at him.

He frowned back at me.

I closed a fan and pointed at the wound.

"You see this cut here Mr. Sex On Legs? Watch." I said cheekily.

Sex On Legs rose a eye brow at the nickname.

"Wait for itttt, waittttttt, and there." I said sighing as I felt the split skin repair itself.

His eyes went wide.

"Looks like the joke is on you, \_\*\*bitch\*\*\_." I smuggly said.

Sex On Legs sheathed his sword and I frowned.

What was he doing?

He walked slowly over to the window. He looked back at me with a knowing look, and jumped out of the window.

I gasped.

What the fuck?

I ran over to the window and saw that he was running away. Talking in a deep breath of air, I yelled as loud as I could.

"COME BACK HERE YOU PUSSY! COME FIGHT ME RIGHT NOW! YOU GAY FAGGOT WHO LIKES IT HARD UP THE ASS! COME BACK! WAIT, THIS MEANS I WON! HA! EAT IT ASSHOLE!"

But then I looked, and he was gone.

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu-

"Okita-san! Okita-san!" I heard Chizuru.

I turned back from the window and saw that Okita had collapsed.

Oh shit.

\* \* \*

><p>There...<p>

...

...

Idon'tevenknowanymoreman.

Anyways, this will probably be the only chapter that will stick to the original plot of Hakouki, everything else will be crack and retardness. :D

\*Squee!\*

Even if Amani and I are **\*\*NOTHING\*\*** alike, I had to make her find Kazama attractive. Because he is. It's a fact. c:

And before you all forget,

**\*\*THIS CHAPTER HAS NOTHING TO DOING WITH MY STORY. JUST THINK OF IT AS A LITTLE TASTE OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I DID STICK TO THE ORIGINAL HAKUOKI PLOT,\*\***

Got it? Okay.

Did I make you laugh? I sure hope I did. I try, but it's probably lame though. :c

Oh and I'm going to spoil just a tiny bit for you, nothing that will hurt you at all. It's just gonna be words.

Ahem:

**\*\*HOTSPRINGS.\*\***

**\*\*THE FUTURE.\*\***

**\*\*EXAMS.\*\***

Nuff said.

C:

Now I must go to bed.

R&R. :D

## 5. Back to the Future! Part 1

...

Please don't kill me.

\* \* \*

><p><em>'Even if my body withers,<em>

\_My pride and soul never will'\_

Hijikata smiled at his newest poem. He wasn't exactly the best writer, as this poem had taken him several days to write, but he was sure getting better. The raven-haired man sat his book aside and picked up the cup of tea next to him. He drank, enjoying the quietness in the air. His brows furrowed as he thought of the newest edition to the household. She was rude, very unlady like to say in the least. How did she even get here? What was the future like? Many questions swarmed around in his head.

\_ 'Swoosh!' \_

The sound of his door being opened caused him to open his eyes. He turned around only to see the outspoken woman Amani.

(A/N: \*Police siren goes off)\* HERE COMES AMANI, TIME TO FUCK SHIT UP. I don't even know. That just came to my mind.)

"May I help you?" He asked, placing the cup of tea aside and looking the woman in her eyes.

Amani frowned. She walked over to him and stared into space. Hijikata looked at her, confused.

"Clare-san, what are y- oof!" He grunted as Amani fell back-side down on his lap.

"Hijikataaaaaa, I'm boreddddddd." She whined looking up at him.

"Clare-san, remove yourself. Don't you have chores to do?" He sighed.

"Nope."

"Well I suggest you go and find something to do, you are interrupting me."

"Interrupting what?" Amani said as she sat up.

"Me writing." Hijikata replied, gesturing to the book in his hand.

Amani smacked her teeth.

The woman looked at the book, Hijikata, and then at the book again before she grinned. She snatched the book out of his hand and opened it.

"Hand it back." He said, reaching for the book while Amani leaned away.

Hijikata watched as her face turned from amusement, to pure disgust. The wavy-haired woman closed the book and looked up at Hijikata. Sighing, she threw the book across the room.

"Hey-"

"Is this poetry? My gosh, you write horrible as fuck!"

"I do not, I'm getting better." The man spoke, his face slightly turning red from a anger. "Now go get my book."

She rolled her eyes. "Whatevs."

Amani stood up and walked towards the book. As she bent down and picked it up, her brown eyes met with a katana. And not just any katana, it was the very same one that brought her to where she was now, the past.

Now that she thought about it, how'd she come here anyway? None of this was a dream, but maybe, just maybe she was sent back in time for a reason. Amani scoffed at the idea. She would have to find out how to get back. Maybe touching the sword? No, Hijikata had nicked her with it and that did nothing. The woman began to nibble on her bottom lip. She'd have to try. Absent-mindedly, she dropped the book and extened her hand towards the katana.

Hearing a soft 'thwmp', Hijikata turned around slightly.

There he saw Amani with her hand stretched out towards the sword.

"What are you doing?" He asked in agitation.

At that same moment, Okita popped himself into the room.

"Hey Hij-" He started before a bright light consumed all.

\* \* \*

><p>Amani's POV<p>

"What just happened!" I heard P.E cry out.

What \_did\_ just happen?

I slowly opened my eyes, letting them recover from the blinding light seconds ago.

Everything looked the same, so what was the big deal?

I frowned as I let go of the katana.

\_Holy shit.\_

My eyes widened.

What if...?

I quickly scrambled to door, almost tripping over P.E. I inhaled deeply, this was the moment of truth (A/N: Lolwut. So cheesy).

I placed my hand upon the thin-paper door and slid it open. My face hardened at what I saw.

There were people walking around in modern clothing holding cellphones, several shops with Shinsengumi gear, hell, even a cosplayer or two.

This was just gold, \_pure fucking gold\_.

I was back were I was supposed to be, but then I had these two queers with me.

"Wh-where are we...?" I heard Hijikata and P.E whisper in union. I can't imagine how mind-fucked those two are.

I laughed bitterly. "It seems that we're back to the future."

\* \* \*

><p>\*ENTER DRAMATIC MUSIC\*<p>

ASDFGHJKL PLEASE DON'T KILL ME! I'VE HAD A NASTY AND SEVERE CASE OF WRITER'S BLOCK! I EVEN STRUGGLED TO WRITE THIS! A MERE 838 WORDS!

Plus I've been real busy  
(CoughCoughBusyAsInWatchingTheSlayersAndFangirling  
OverXellosWhilePlayingAnimalCrossingNewLeafCoughCo ugh)

But yes, I'll be updating more. :D

Oh and I've decided to tone down the swearing a bit as you can see, well I \_tried to. \_Amani just wouldn't be Amani without all of her un-necessary swearing and smart-assery.

Anywho,

I'm just going to tell you what I'm in the making of writing to get you guys excited. I'm most likely going to write a chapter where everyone goes to a hot spring (WE ALL KNOW HOW THOSE END), a Sweet School Life chapter (Where everyone is in high school and crap), the Exams (Shirtless anime boys, here I come!), and maybe, JUST MAYBE, I'll do another chapter following the original plot. It's a lot of work though since I have to go in and type things word for word.

It's sleepy time now! R&R.

\*Hides under a table waiting for the angry reviewers\*

End  
file.